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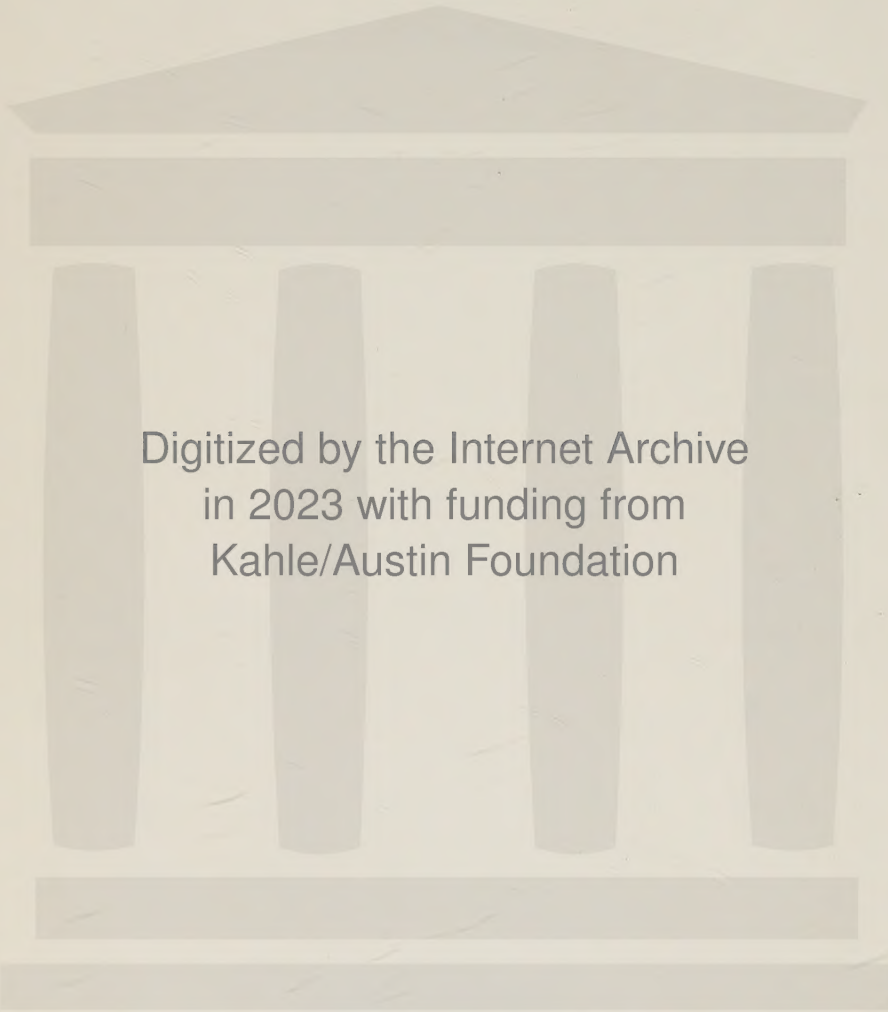
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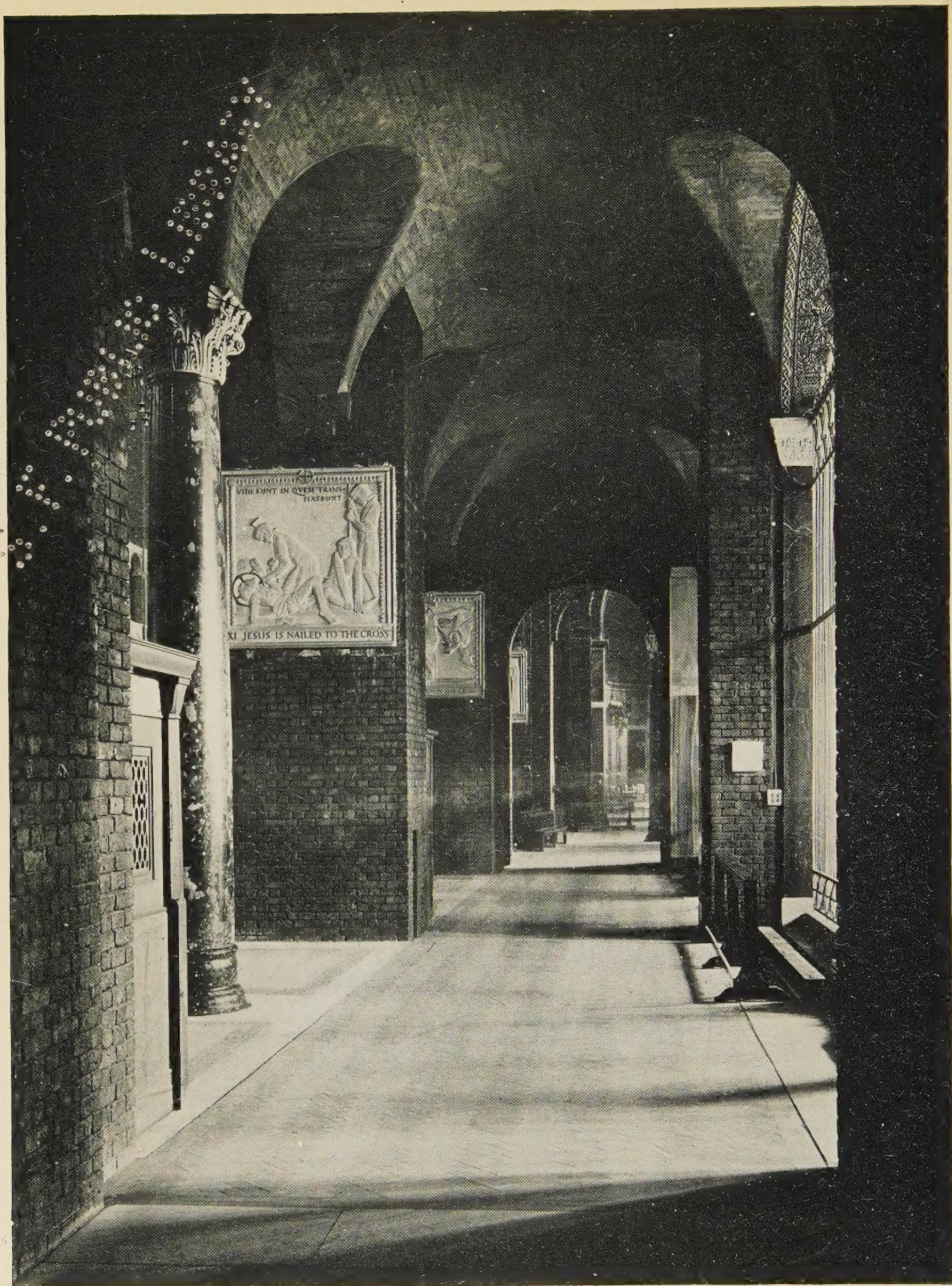
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MASTERS OF ARCHITECTURE
JOHN FRANCIS BENTLEY

Under the General Editorship of Stanley C. Ramsey



WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. AISLE.

JOHN FRANCIS BENTLEY

BY W. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

“An artificer, therefore, of anything, if he looks to that which is Eternal and from this, as a sort of pattern, designs the form and nature of his work, must necessarily produce something wholly beautiful—but where he employs for his pattern only that which is different from Eternal principles, it cannot be beautiful.”

PLATO, *The Timæus*.

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To most people the name of Bentley is unknown, yet in making a study of his early life it is impossible to do so without feeling that he is one of those who are favoured, perhaps even guided, by that destiny which is specially appointed to guard the true welfare of the people. It is not the purpose of this appreciation to enter into all the details of his career, for this has already been done by Mrs de L'Hôpital in her book at much greater length than we here have space for. Our intention is to arouse an interest in his work that it may be known and appreciated by the general public. Taking Bentley as an example of a fine architect, we shall try to show that in spite of the obstacles which lay in his path he rose clear above them all, and left behind him some of the most beautiful work done in this country since the Middle Ages, and we shall attempt briefly to describe the times in which he lived so as to place him in a historical environment.

If it be true that with the turning of the wheel of Evolution scientific endeavour is to wane, and art is once more to wax and shed her old-time glory around us, then to such names as William Morris, Norman Shaw, Alfred Stevens, William de Morgan and others we must add that of Bentley, and place him among the torch-bearers of this advance guard. Such men are the practical

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idealists of whom the nation may be proud. In spite of the neglect and oblivion with which they met, they refused to turn aside from beholding their visions, nor could any threats of hardship or starvation induce them to betray their sacred trust. Those of us who practise some one of the arts will realize that to understand men whom we have not the privilege to know personally there is not a better way than to study their work. In architecture, in sculpture, in painting, in the making of furniture—in doing these things they say all that can be said about them, and the language of the materials they have used speaks more eloquently than words. It is possible even for bricks and mortar to be adorned with beautiful dreams.

For those who do not aspire to reflect devotion into such an ordinary thing as our Mother Earth this may seem difficult to understand. Perhaps only those who know can know, yet it is a common experience to see people enter a picture gallery or a museum as they would a church, and men, more often those said to be uneducated, will instinctively take off their hats before the true Spirit of Man. The wonder is that we should prefer to praise the ancient towns of the foreign countries we visit than to be zealous for the beauty of the towns in which we live. It were better to have beauty in our homes and in our streets than for it to be guarded at great expense in museums and picture galleries. We throw off little but ugliness, yet still boast of a civilization.

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First and foremost, therefore, we beg that the word be not taken for the deed. To produce a thing of beauty is a complete achievement in itself. But let those, who by this little appreciation may be so persuaded, go and see for themselves the subtle beauties which Bentley prepared for them. If they should be touched by the sincerity and the sacrifice of his endeavour, they will perhaps ask themselves what is to be obtained from the present ideals of speed and convenience. Is it not possible for the public to see that the architect and his satellites, the painters, poets, musicians, craftsmen, and, last but not least, husbandmen, if intelligently supported, have more to give to the community than picture-theatre actors and mechanical maniacs? Perhaps, at long last, our education authorities will realize that books can only give us information, and knowledge must grow out of acts: as Rembrandt said, "Do it and you will know." If every boy and girl were taught to make something with skill and beauty, the time for squad drill might be reduced. History is best learnt by learning the history of what we make, and matter gives exercise for both body and mind, and is the greatest disciplinarian in the world. It is also a teacher of patience and humility.

John Bentley was born in Doncaster in 1839, and baptized in the Church of England. This is mentioned because it was not until later in life that he became a Catholic. He was the son—one of many children—of a wine merchant. As a boy

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he was a maker of things with his hands, and was possessed by a keen wish to know how things are made and done. Buildings, from early childhood, seem to exercise a mysterious influence over him, and he is drawn to them as metal is drawn to a magnet. When quite a boy the burning of Doncaster church caused him the greatest grief of his childhood, but veiled in this grief, as he himself must have recognized in after life, was the guiding hand of destiny.

He took an active and voluntary part in the rebuilding of it, and spent all his available time with the Clerk of Works who was superintending restoration. From this man he undoubtedly learnt some rudiments of his future craft, and the experience induced an initial warmth to swell the seed latent within him. In 1855, when he was sixteen, he was sent to London, bound as an apprentice to a firm of builders, to his great joy this, but much against his father's wish, who would have preferred him to enter upon some more merchant-like career with more definite chances of making a living. But the commercial ideal was not in Bentley's composition. All through his life he cared nothing for money. In the end he was sent to London, directly or indirectly, as a result of his own will. Doubtless, with youthful intuition, he thus secured for himself this first step to freedom from an influence likely to draw him away from his natural path.

It will always be to the credit of Mr Richard D. Holland, a member of the firm to which Bentley was bound, that he

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should have been released from his articles of apprenticeship. This new master did not take long to find out that here was stuff too good to be wasted on balancing accounts. Just at this time his father died. Arrangements were made, presumably at Bentley's instigation, that he should become an architect. In this we can see how youth sometimes sees further and more truly than age into the fulfilment of middle life. His articles having been cancelled, he entered the office of Henry Clutton as an improver. Clutton was one of the busiest architects of the Gothic revival.

And so John Bentley is brought into that protected sphere where without interference he may weave his own web to his own pattern. There is only one other item of outstanding importance which should be mentioned. In 1862, at the age of twenty-three, he was received into the Catholic Church, with the additional name of Francis.

Bentley's first real office was at 14 Southampton Street, Strand, where he took two rooms overlooking Maiden Lane in 1862. To give a hint of his personality the following extract from Mrs de l'Hôpital's book is quoted :

"From Mr Charles Hadfield comes the following delightful pen portrait of the artist at this period (about 1859), which . . . gives a most faithful impression : 'He was a fellow of infinite wit, with a charming manner and a lovable and attractive personality which surrounded him with friends. He loved association and intimacy with distinguished men,

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his seniors, who appreciated his precocious wit and undoubted talent. . . . There was always, even in his moments of fun, a straying, far-off look and influence about him, pointing to the noble ideals which guided him through life. . . . He hated snobbery and shams of all kinds, and denounced them energetically ; was a hard hitter in an argument, and generally scored. At such times his hair used to bristle up, and with a face full of determination and intellectual energy he was perfectly irresistible.' ”

Bentley's early efforts in the practice of architecture follow the usual course of struggles against ignorant clients, who, with an exaggerated sense of magnanimity, give petty commissions and interfere as much as possible with their right execution.

But before we go any further we shall attempt to write a brief description of the times in which Bentley lived and practised in order to place him in his historical environment.

He was born in 1839 and died in 1902. In 1862, therefore, when he took his first office, he began to practise in the mid-Victorian period. At this time, under the meticulous guidance of the Prince Consort, our native and traditional philosophy of life became diverted from the old towards that of a new kind of progress, and was directed to flow into channels leading to a vulgar and purely material ideal of life. Indeed, the superhuman energy with which the Prince pursued his Germanic schemes of industrial enterprise is extraordinary.

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According to Mr Lytton Strachey,¹ the sinister figure of the Baron Stockmar, that silent but compelling character, is always standing behind Albert as a kind of Muse inspiring a devotee. It was the Baron who arranged the marriage with Queen Victoria. It was Albert who ruled the Queen, and it was the Baron who shadowed Albert with an inflexible will. We see Prince Albert sitting up night after night and working himself to a shadow as he plans his schemes for turning the British Empire to commercial account. With him it became a fixed idea, and he wore himself out in his attempt to bring the idea into execution. Both Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort regarded the Great Exhibition as the crowning glory of their lives. Yet it cannot be denied that Albert was throughout, in spite of his foreign birth, perhaps one of the greatest patriots, according to his lights, this country has ever possessed. The Great Exhibition shook England from the indolence into which it had sunk during the late Georgian period, but, as we sincerely believe, in effect, she jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. The reaction, having once set in, grew with furious energy and to such purpose as to become altogether unbalanced, and to submerge the finer and more noble instincts of the nation. Railways threaded lines of communication like spiders' webs all over the country in an incredibly short space of time. Canals were bought up lest their competition should prejudice

¹ *Life of Queen Victoria.*

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the dividends of the railway companies. Everything, whether it was truly economic or not, was sacrificed to this extraordinary mania, which suddenly swept over the country like a tidal wave. In thirty years England transferred all her eggs into one basket—the basket of commerce. Towns like Manchester and Birmingham grew up like mushrooms, bringing all the evils which we have since been unable to combat, and which even now are in danger of strangling the very life of the nation. Small hand industries—which in any national economy are of the greatest importance—were swept aside. The machine and the factory ate up with a titanic appetite the individual principle in production. Life no longer possessed its old quiet charm nor kept its touch with nature. Things were made simply to sell and to make markets. For a time the national characteristic still kept its lead, but gradually the ideal of making things, even by machinery, as well as they could be made, gave way before the ever-increasing speed of the falling standard.

And behind it all stood the sinister figure of Baron Stockmar and the untiring energy and devotion to the country of his adoption of the Prince Consort. The greatness and wonderful personality of Queen Victoria seemed to have the effect of a hypnotic influence upon her people. They almost worshipped her, and when Albert died the heart of England, even of the Empire, went out to her to offer comfort in grief. But Victoria was first and before

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everything a woman. For the rest of her life it was Albert who reigned in her, and so it was the spirit of Albert who still continued to rule England.

Towards the end of Bentley's life another and un-native influence made itself felt. The seeds which had been sown in England spread all over Europe and to America, the country which was forming, with British stock as its base, a new race of people. There were gathering together sprinklings of most of the nationalities of the world. Fired by the example set to them in the Old World the Americans seized upon the new ideals with all the energy of a young and inexperienced people. Commercialitis—if we may coin a word—became with them the disease whose germs were to come back to England with redoubled virulence, and our country, at the time that Bentley was building his almost unnoticed cathedral in Westminster, fell a chronic victim to the disorder. The mass of our working people began to revolt against this immense industrial machine which was becoming their master, and it was with difficulty that Bentley could get bricklayers to work peacefully upon the foundations of his masterpiece. We cannot penetrate into the future, but we have evidence that even the Americans cannot be satisfied with the civilization they have built for themselves, otherwise they would not flood Europe, seeking peace and repose in ancient cities. It is within the bounds of possibility, however, that mankind, seduced by its worship of the

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golden calf into a state which borders upon lunacy, will turn or be turned from the path which can lead nowhere. The blind belief in so-called Science, which in its essence is nothing more than an attempt to explain the universe in terms of the five senses, will be shaken, and beholding the calm and philosophic dignity which the East has maintained in all this medley and scramble, the Western World may yet come to its senses before it is too late. But this would seem almost impossible without some climax of an unprecedented nature.

Such, then, were the times in which Bentley lived. That he should have accomplished what he did accomplish is proof of his greatness.

But let us not digress too far from the subject of our appreciation. Enough has been said to point out the gap which existed between Bentley and his times. Undoubtedly he was fortunate in that he worked principally for the Church which was the object of his most sincere devotion, and for which he would have made, and in fact did make, all the sacrifices of his untiring energy. In his case, therefore, there was that bond of sympathy between him and those who employed him without which fine architecture is an impossibility. Moreover, the constant stream of commissions which flowed into his office kept him busy upon that class of building which is devoted to a higher purpose than buying and selling or manufacturing masses of goods.

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This close relationship of mutual trust between the architect and his employer is of first importance, and perhaps, to make our point quite clear, it will be necessary to go back to those times when the greatest masterpieces of all ages were produced—the period between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. At this time Europe was literally showered with architectural miracles. During these centuries the employers were their own builders, not in any amateur sense, but in the sense of the most highly skilled and most devoted men, actually working with their own hands, at no financial reward, to express, in what was then held to be the sacred symbolism of masonry, the ideals and beliefs which were dearer to them than life itself. Mediæval master-building, or architecture, was thus intense human devotion crystallized into materials. This is the secret both of its power and its beauty. In our opinion the question of “art” did not concern them, but rather they thought, “How can we say all that we feel?” Before the advent of the printing press an outlet had to be found for this human aspiration. It was found through the medium of materials. Every building, every room, every article of furniture, even pots and pans and cups and saucers, spoke of a thousand touching confidences, as if the workmen felt indebted to our great mother that she should receive their thoughts and respond so kindly to their emotions.

The master masons of those days were often highly

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educated monks, even saints, who laboured daily with their hands. Is it any wonder that in this twentieth century we hardly know what beauty is, and when the educated classes stoutly refuse to make anything with their hands, how shall they ever appreciate truly the efforts of those who know no other language than that of workmanship?

But the Church in Bentley's day had become a victim—an unwilling victim—of the changing world, and his employers are constantly limited by financial considerations. It was not so much a question of whether enough could be found to make a building beautiful, but rather would there be enough to make it decent? The problem was more easily solved in the old days, because gifts were often made in the form of either kind or labour, and everything was not translated into financial terms as it is now. People gave stone quarries or they carted lime to the cathedral site, and sometimes food and delicacies for the workmen, and so forth. But Bentley had to work in terms of cash, though in the case of the cathedral in Westminster many gifts in kind have been made. Is there any hope of the old spirit being revived? But in spite of all the disadvantages of both circumstance and period, there is in Bentley's work a reflection of that real spirit of the grandest mediæval monuments which we feel to such intensity as we stand wrapt in admiration of their supernal loveliness.

His Church of the Holy Rood at Watford, though still

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seen without the romance with which the gentle fingers of time have touched its archetypes, is invested with the same memory of celestial beauty and profound and mysterious power to appeal to our highest sensibilities. We might perhaps define this as the soul of a building which is always a faithful mirror of the motive and of the souls of its builders. It is something which is beyond form, beyond technical skill, and beyond the influence of time in the sense that new or old a building may be the possessor of it, yet without form and technical skill it does not and cannot exist for us. These most subtle qualities are to be found in Bentley's work, and they give proof of the power of his spirit to transcend the disadvantages of modern methods of craftsmanship and the mind-killing influence of the machine, for it must be remembered that Bentley lived and worked through a period which perhaps more than any other in the history of the world was antagonistic to the most essential conditions for fine achievement along the lines of his effort. In effect he and his few distinguished contemporaries have just succeeded in breathing life into the corpse and so keeping it warm. If a day of resurrection should ever dawn, and if the crown of thorns should ever burst into flower, men perhaps will at least know the names of the long line of immortals who, in mortality, have lived and fought for beauty.

There is the same high level of sensibility to be found in his most complete buildings for St John's preparatory

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school for Beaumont College, near Englefield Green in Surrey. Here in every detail, in every form, is the same evidence of refinement and inventive power which gives to all his work the feeling that he never broke away from tradition, but was always trying to revive it. Like most great men, Bentley occasionally went clean off the rails—just, as it were, to be human. The overdoors in the Hall at St John's are almost a comic instance of this fallibility.

Space does not permit us to enter into long or technical criticisms of his works. They must be seen and allowed to speak for themselves. With regard to his cathedral in Westminster Mrs de l'Hôpital has written a most faithful and detailed description of this wonderful building, and her book should be consulted. We shall confine ourselves to a few remarks about it, and by saying that if this work has not found favour with the general public, this is the greatest praise which can be bestowed upon it. We do not wish to make out that Westminster Cathedral is a perfect building. Perfection in building is always a doubtful quality. That it should have been modelled upon the style of the earliest Christian churches was a condition which was bound to bring about a certain incongruity with the flats and odds and ends surrounding it, for there comes a state when falsehood is so generally accepted that the truth must seem absurd.

The question as to whom the work should be entrusted

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was a matter of difficulty. A limited competition was proposed, but when Bentley was asked if he would compete, he said that competitions had always been against his principles and that he was therefore unable to enter his name on the list of those selected. This is an instance of his unswerving constancy to idealism. It is believed that, in the end, his contemporaries said that he was best qualified for the commission, and he was accordingly appointed. After Bentley had received the appointment to undertake the work, he travelled (in 1894) in Italy, and he spent about five months studying the Byzantine buildings at such places as Venice and Ravenna.

It is remarkable that during these travels he never made any sketches or drawings, but spent his days in absorbing what he saw and at the same time in building his cathedral mentally. On his return it was so clearly visualized that he was able to draw out his first design and submit it to Cardinal Vaughan without delay.

Then followed a long period of adjustments, in which we gather that he was not a little worried by his ecclesiastical clients, and this must have been due to inevitable differences of opinion arising between the men who did not and the man who did know about building. Had Bentley been the Cardinal as well as the architect the cathedral would have been finer than it is. At the same time, it must be remembered that had it not been for Cardinal Vaughan's untiring

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energy in the matter of raising funds, it is doubtful if the scheme could ever have been carried out at all. Bentley would have been the first man to acknowledge the services of his faithful assistant, Mr Marshall, who helped him so devotedly, and who is now, at the time of writing, in charge of the cathedral works, and is designing and superintending the decorations, mosaic work, etc., and seeing that the whole conception is being carried out in accordance with its author's intention. Professor W. R. Lethaby, at the conclusion of his introduction to Mrs de l'Hôpital's book, says :

"If I might I would venture to ask for reverence towards this remarkable work. It should not be lightly experimented with and modified; everything added which is not up to the height of Bentley's work will really count as a subtraction, *however costly it may be.*"¹ May the powers that be bear this in mind, and so help to preserve a complete work as its author would have had it preserved.

The remarkable things about the building are: first, it is a building—a real growth—with sound frame and generous structure. There is practically no constructional iron in it. It is not a box of tricks. It is no jumble up of steel stanchions and compound girders covered with fibrous plaster slabs and stupid, meaningless ornament. Its bones have real marrow and substance, and its outer vesture is an expression of its inner self, as we are symbols

¹ Author's italics.

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of our individual selves. Here is no pretty mask covering an ugly face, but a frank and honest soul such as we all love to meet and know. Secondly, it is possessed of a strange and unearthly suggestion of that beauty whose echo we can so rarely hear, a beauty which cannot be heard with our physical ears, but as the deaf Beethoven listened to the heavenly choir. It is a beauty which must be derived from the same regions as those which Botticelli and Michelangelo inhabited. It beats to the same rhythm as that to which the mediæval masters tuned themselves.

The architecture of all the Gothic revivalists, even including G. E. Street, the designer of the Law Courts, has a sense of copyism from which Bentley is quite free, except in his earlier works. George Frederick Bodley alone touches the same level, but his work seems weaker and less vital than Bentley's. In expressing such admiration for the work of Bentley, we are in no sense advocating another Gothic revival—heaven forbid! Architecture is, like every other art, a medium of expression, and the one condition which it imposes is that those who follow her should have something worthy to express. This, we believe, is her secret. The cause of the many ugly buildings in our streets to-day is that we are trying to express a worthy purpose when we know very well that the purpose is incapable of being worthily expressed. For instance, the waxen lady dancing in her night attire is not really a fitting motive for the

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ancient and honourable art of building. Neither shall we ever achieve any real beauty out of a cinematograph theatre any more than we should expect to improve Liverpool Town Hall by turning it into a "Hall of Varieties."

Where Bentley fails he fails from force of circumstances beyond his control, and because he was bound by the conditions of his period. It is these conditions which became the defects in his architecture. The early Christian and mediæval work which he loved, and which makes such a strong appeal to the world, was produced by men, as we have said, who used materials as symbols by means of which their devotion was to be expressed, and who, born and brought up and taught to function in accordance with a tradition which was no less a thing to them than a stream of sacrifice, labour and love, they expressed that devotion directly in the materials which they handled, and were not handicapped by the thousand and one obstacles which prevent the modern workman from doing the same thing—even though he would. If we examine carefully the carving and ornament in Westminster Cathedral, we shall find that there is a lack of character—a certain want of play and of freedom. It is "tight," mechanical, even too well done, and we cannot help feeling that we are looking at masks and not at faces. We feel that the workmen have copied from a model, and have expressed something essentially foreign to themselves and which they do not love or understand. We should express our

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meaning, perhaps, if we say that there is a touch of "marriage à la mode" in this workman's wedding with his materials. There is not enough suggestion of the sacred character of the union. It is an occasion when the guests seem to be already apprehensive of a divorce, and have no hope of the parties becoming an inseparable duality. But if this is true of the craftsmen employed by Bentley, we can only say of the general run of modern craftsmanship that there is no attempt at marriage even ; it is simply a licentious contact, and meanwhile the spirit of true love, sickened by the sight of this spectacle of debauch, turns away—weeping.

Had Bentley himself carved his capitals this "mask" element would not have been present, for were this possible there would have been a true marriage between the spirit of the creator and the materials with which he was creating. Instead of this Bentley made drawings—very careful drawings (as he was bound to do under modern conditions)—and these, being copied by workmen, produced the inevitable result. If it were possible for the Churches to found an Order of monks sworn to celibacy, mendicancy and obedience, and to believe and preach the belief that work is sacred and themselves to be expert and devoted workmen, such an Order would have a far-reaching influence. Centres might be established all over the country. Traditions could be re-established and preserved in their monasteries. We make this suggestion in all seriousness.

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It is the complications which prevent direct expression that we complain about. It is these which rob both life and character from workmanship. Everything was done in the old days by man or animal power. There was the element of immense life sacrifice directly transmuted to everything done, and a sense that materials, since they form creation, were to be treated with reverence.

To-day the machine has destroyed all this subtle feeling and belief. A plank is ripped up in a few minutes, and this destroys the workman's feeling and his delicacy of touch ; he develops a sort of sense of superiority over the thing which he sees to be rent with a circular saw, and he becomes deluded into the belief that the power in the machine, with its apparent saving of labour, is the real god. The element of sacrifice is withheld, and the quarrel and final divorce is inevitable.

Nevertheless Bentley, during the building of his cathedral, must have trained a considerable number of craftsmen in the early Christian tradition. It is a thousand pities that such men should have been so trained to the point at which they could almost found a school of craftsmanship on individual rather than on commercial lines, and if the leading architectural societies in this country would keep a record of such men as have worked on Westminster or Liverpool cathedrals, or other great public buildings, they would further the cause which they were founded to protect.

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Out of all the wealth of symbolism and fine effort at Westminster, how many names of the actual carvers have been preserved? Like ghosts they fade into the background, their labour and sacrifice as individuals unnoticed and unremembered. Yet they have their reward. Something of their own spirit shall still live in the things which they made with their hands, and doubtless in making images here they have made for themselves a reality elsewhere.

Of one thing we may be certain, that where there is machinery there can never be true beauty. It is as certain as the law which we know as the Law of Gravity, which endures always and everywhere. But in spite of this, as we have said, there is an echo of that ancient chord in Bentley's work. How has this been restruck, in spite of the adverse conditions we have mentioned?

Let us, in the mind, stand once more looking at the stained glass in Châtres Cathedral, and seeing in this work the archetype of what Bentley strove to express, attempt to say why it is possessed of such miraculous beauty. Here is something grander than the grandest literature; here is something more lovely than the sweetest music; yet it is only pieces of glass, lead and iron, and three primary colours. Why should we be so moved? Is it because of the intense feeling of reality which is conveyed to us? But nothing could be more unreal. And if it is not the real which affects us, it must be that which is unreal or does not exist. Yet

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why should what does not exist affect us so deeply? Shall we say that that which we call "reality" is only a shadow, and is perceived only by its like, and that we are so affected because the reality, amid all the changes of seeming reality, can only be perceived by means of symbols, and that it is this most mysterious symbolism which underlies all art and awakens within us, as it were, faint echoes of that reality which is now become strange?

John Francis Bentley died in 1902, before his work at Westminster was finished. "Spectacles and pencil were left upon the unfinished drawing, when, later in the afternoon, he passed out of his office for the last time." He was a lover of wisdom, a geometrician, and a master of symbolism. Still more important perhaps—he was a poet.



PLATE I. CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROOD. WATFORD.
VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.



PLATE 2. CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROOD. WATFORD. THE TOWER.



PLATE 3. CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROOD. WATFORD.
ENTRANCE ON SOUTH SIDE.



PLATE 4. CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROOD. WATFORD.
ENTRANCE TO BAPTISTERY.



PLATE 5. CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROOD. WATFORD.
THE INTERIOR LOOKING EAST.

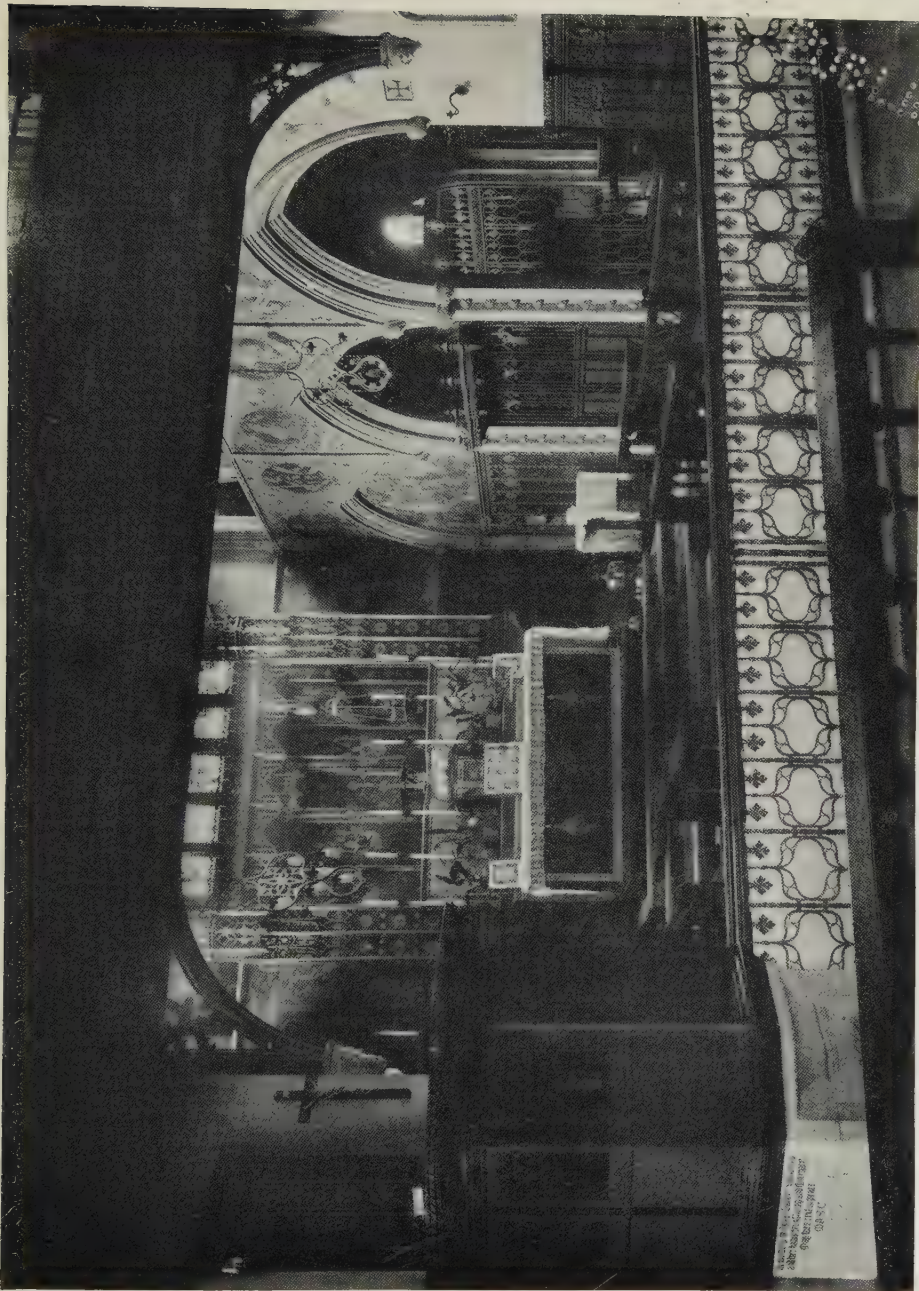


PLATE 6. CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROOD, WATFORD. VIEW OF CHANCEL.



PLATE 7. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. VIEW OF CAMPANILE.



PLATE 8. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. THE ENTRANCE.



PLATE 9. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. DETAIL OF ENTRANCE.



PLATE 10. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. GENERAL VIEW FROM THE
SOUTH-WEST.



PLATE II. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. THE SOUTH FRONT.

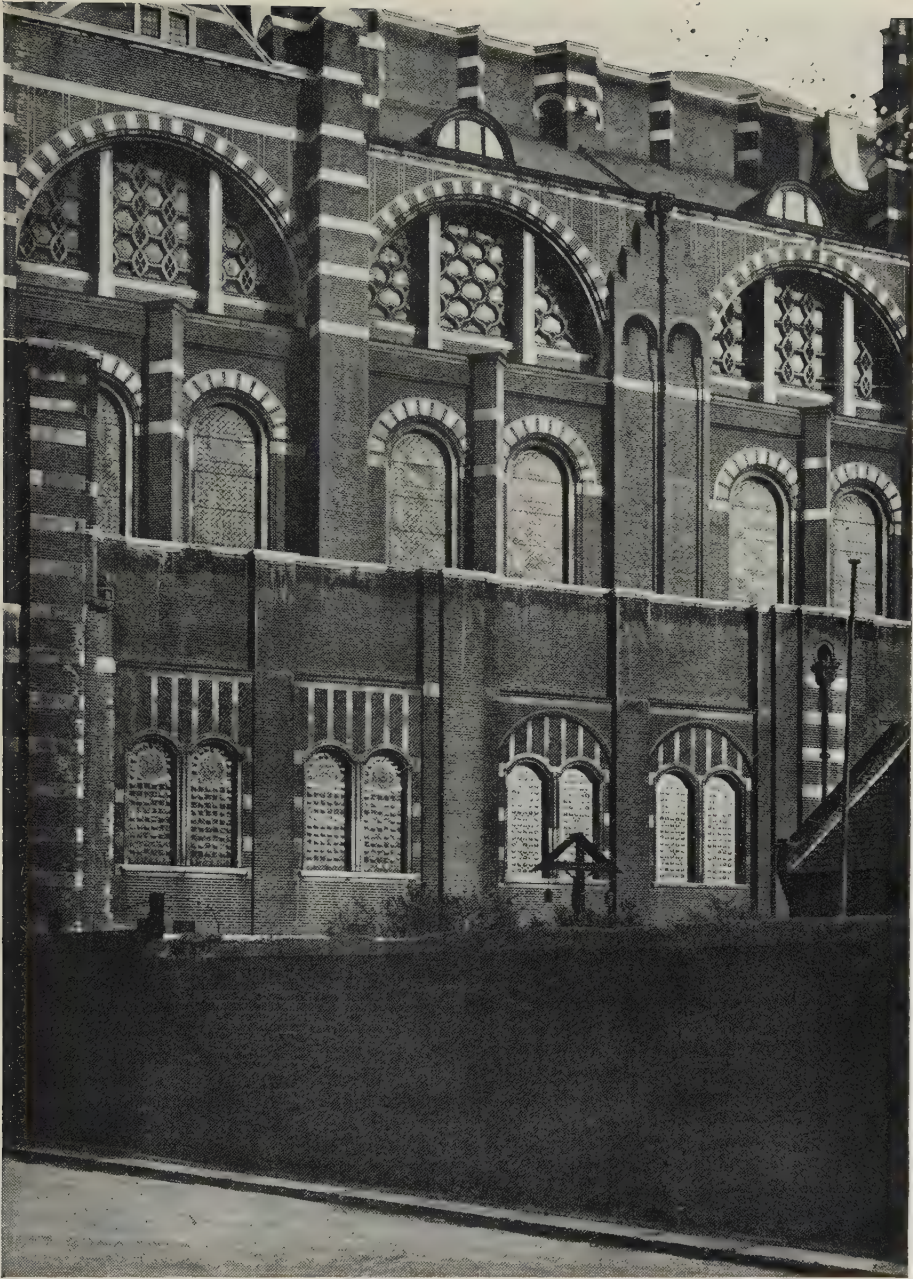


PLATE 12. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. DETAIL OF SOUTH FRONT.



PLATE 13. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.

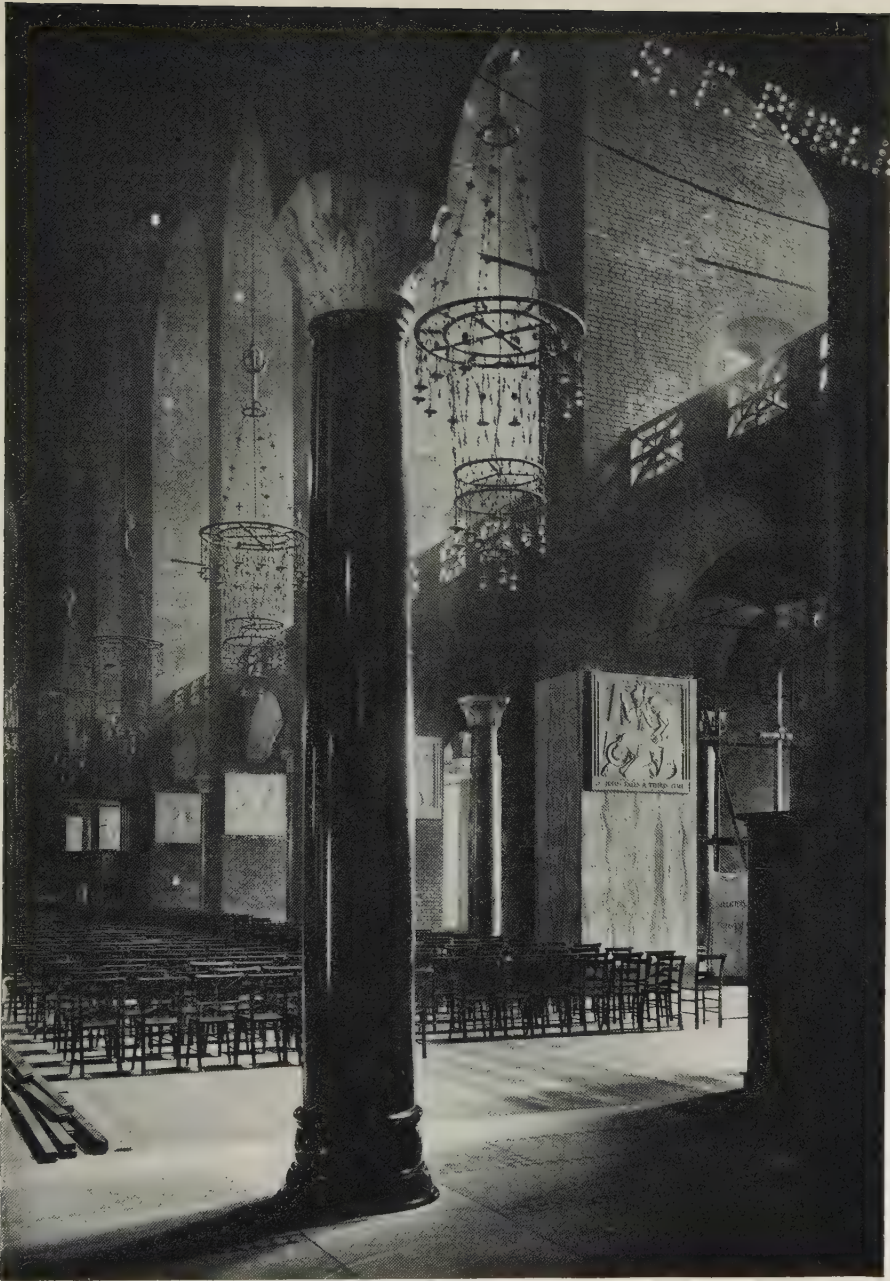


PLATE 14. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. VIEW OF NAVE.



PLATE 15. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. ARCADING IN CHANCEL.



PLATE 16. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. A SIDE CHAPEL.



PLATE 17. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. DETAIL OF A CHAPEL.



PLATE 18. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. VIEW IN AISLE.



PLATE 19. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. INTERIOR SHOWING EAST END.



PLATE 20. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. VIEW IN THE NAVE
LOOKING TOWARDS THE WEST.



PLATE 21. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. INTERIOR LOOKING EAST.



PLATE 22. WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. THE ORGAN LOFT.



PLATE 23. THE CHURCH OF CORPUS CHRISTI. BRIXTON.
VIEW OF EXTERIOR. SOUTH SIDE.



PLATE 24. THE CHURCH OF CORPUS CHRISTI. BRIXTON.
EXTERIOR. VIEW FROM SOUTH-EAST.



PLATE 25. THE CHURCH OF CORPUS CHRISTI. BRIXTON.
INTERIOR. VIEW OF EAST END.



PLATE 26. THE CHURCH OF CORPUS CHRISTI. BRIXTON.
VIEW ACROSS TRANSEPTS.



PLATE 27. BEAUMONT COLLEGE, ST JOHN'S SCHOOL.



PLATE 28. BEAUMONT COLLEGE. ST JOHN'S SCHOOL. SIDE ENTRANCE.



PLATE 29. BEAUMONT COLLEGE. ST JOHN'S SCHOOL.
DETAIL OF DOMESTIC WING.



PLATE 30. BEAUMONT COLLEGE. THE CHAPEL. EXTERIOR.



PLATE 31. BEAUMONT COLLEGE. THE CHAPEL. INTERIOR.



PLATE 32. BEAUMONT COLLEGE. ST JOHN'S SCHOOL. THE ENTRANCE HALL.



PLATE 33. BEAUMONT COLLEGE. ST JOHN'S SCHOOL. THE CORRIDOR.



PLATE 34. CHURCH IN NOTTINGDALE. THE BAPTISTERY.

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